

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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Volume I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852.

Number 17.

Principles of Nature.

VITAL, ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

PORSCMOUTH, Va., August 7, 1852.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Telegraph*:

DEAR SIR: I have read the scientific article on Animal Electricity, from Mr. C. R. Mitchell, in the eleventh number of your deeply interesting paper, with some degree of attention—for I have given that department of research some consideration—and feel desirous to learn more; but, I can not accept the experiment narrated by him as conclusive, because the phenomena seem to refer themselves rather to Thermo-electricity than animal electricity for a solution. For instance, when both hands were *equally cold*, no effect was produced, but "when the right hand was moist with perspiration," that is—by rubbing or any other brisk motion—made warmer than the other, then the effect was visible.

Here let me ask, if the pole which was held by the right hand had been inserted into a burning coal, and the other into a lump of ice, or even if one were immersed in warm and the other in cold water, would not the effect be the same, or even greater?

A number of very interesting electrical experiments can be produced by the simple application of heat; for instance, a metallic ring, nicely poised upon the point of a fine needle, will revolve when the flame of a candle is applied to one side.

If a tin cup full of melted wax is allowed to cool while resting upon a non-conductor—a tumbler for instance—it will give several sparks of electricity.

On a clear, cold day, hold a large sheet of writing-paper before the fire until it is thoroughly dried and heated, and then place it on a sheet of tin, or a common waiter, supported by four tumblers, and give it a few rubs, in the same direction, with an India-rubber shoe; then, by taking the paper by two opposite corners, you will find it attracted to the waiter with considerable force; indeed, the sheet of paper seems to weigh at least half a pound; and if the knuckle is then brought near the edge of the waiter, you can both see and feel a spark of electricity.

There are several crystalline minerals which exhibit electricity by being heated, or cooled—such as the tourmaline, topaz, &c.

Solids becoming liquids, or fluids assuming the aërial condition, evolve electricity; perhaps the evaporation of the moisture of the right hand, which is held toward the light, might evolve sufficient electricity to produce the effect.

I have applied various tests to demonstrate the proposition that electricity, or a modification thereof, is the medium by which the so-called magnetic or mesmeric phenomena are produced, but I have never been able to establish the point to my satisfaction.

Prof. Gibbs, of the South-Carolina College, says that he made a very delicate and sensitive magnetic needle which, by placing his right hand near it, he could attract by the power of his will, and repel with his left hand in a similar manner, thus proving one hand to be positive and the other negative; but as I have never been able to repeat the experiment, I am rather inclined to think that the effect must have been owing to some other cause beside animal electricity, or the will. If one hand possesses positive and the other negative electricity, it would be an easy matter to demonstrate it by the aid of the electrometer; electrometers are now made so delicate that they will indicate the very minute quantity of electricity produced by the rubbing of a single strand of silk; if, then,

one of these were properly held, it would indicate the minutest electrical difference between the hands.

I am aware that there are persons who are surcharged, or rather, who are positively electrified with reference to surrounding objects; therefore, they attract light substances and give electrical sparks to any conducting medium which approaches them. This is said to be often the case with the watchmakers of Switzerland, especially with the females, who are sometimes so full of electricity that the small pieces of steel, upon which they are at work, stick to their hands and fingers, and become fixed magnets; but these cases will not sustain the proposition of C. R. M., for they are as positively electrified on the right hand as on the left.

From the following considerations, I am fully satisfied that electricity constitutes a very important element of human vitality, motion, and, perhaps, of thought. Electricity constitutes the spirit, or life of the air or atmosphere, it is inhaled with it, and comes in contact with the blood through the thin cellular membrane of the lungs; the iron in the blood forms an attraction as well as a conductor for this electricity.

There is a very close affinity between the life-giving principle of the atmosphere—oxygen—and electricity. Of the blood thus oxygenized and electrified, a large proportion, perhaps one-fifth, goes to the brain. Now, since the balance of the blood sustains, and keeps the whole body warm, the quantity which goes into the brain would be enough to keep that organ at fever-heat, if not at boiling-point, if it were not otherwise consumed.

If a tin cup full of melted wax is allowed to cool while resting upon a non-conductor—a tumbler for instance—it will give several sparks of electricity.

Now, since so much electricity and oxygen are conveyed to the brain, and the brain is the organ or seat of the propensities—moral sentiments and mental faculties as well as the source of motion—this surplus vitality must be used in the manufacture of thought, feeling, or motion; and since thought and motion are most exhaustive, it is probably consumed by them.

Fortunately, this conclusion, which is the result of legitimate deduction, is supported, if not demonstrated, by fact. French physiologists have made many experiments to demonstrate the fact that, the nervous influence which causes motion, is one of an electric, or more properly, of an electro-magnetic character. For example, the crural nerve in the leg of a horse was laid bare, and a needle of soft iron was inserted, which became a temporary magnet while the leg was in motion, but when withdrawn it was no longer a magnet. When a steel needle was inserted, it became a fixed magnet. This, I am told, has often been the case with surgeons' needles—thus identifying the causes by the effects being precisely similar to those produced by a galvanic battery. This, I conceive, demonstrates the fact that the nervous influence which excites the muscular system, and produces motion, is a modification of electro-magnetism, which is manufactured in the brain out of electricity carried there by the blood from the atmosphere.

While I consider it proved that this electric principle exists with us, I have never seen any thing which clearly demonstrated the proposition that this principle does or can manifest itself beyond the body. I design leaving here on Wednesday, in the steamer Roanoke, and shall therefore be able to call on you soon after the reception of this letter; and I hope that through your kindness I shall be able to obtain that evidence of the truthfulness of the Spirit-manifestations, which every reasonable mind must require.

I agree with many of the teachings of this New Philosophy, but, at the same time, I long

for—I crave—further proof of Spirituality—of Immortality. Understand me, I hope for it—I believe it; but I want to *see* the proof which you profess to have received.

Truly your friend,
BERNARD FAUTH.

Circles and Sectarism—Spirits in the Churches.

CHESHIRE, MASS., Aug. 7, 1852.

FRIEND BRUTTAN: I desire by your permission, through the medium of the *TELEGRAPH*, to say a few words in regard to CIRCLES, or meetings convened for the express purpose of witnessing Spiritual Manifestations, or for receiving communications; not that I consider myself competent to instruct on this point, but merely to offer a few suggestions, gathered from observation; for, although the ideas may not be new, I am convinced that they do not occupy that place in many of our minds which the importance of the subject demands.

I have uniformly observed that, where there was apparent at these circles the most unity of feeling, the most earnest desire to receive instruction, the most elevated themes of thought and conversation, there the manifestations were of the purest and most exalted character. And, on the contrary, where the conversation was confused, or of a light and trifling character—where there was a disposition on the part of any to jest or make sport of the manifestations—none would be received—or those only of an unsatisfactory character. While the thought that mortals can hold intercourse and communion with the inhabitants of the Spirit-world, is directly calculated to inspire the heart of the believer with a calm and holy joy, there is thrown around the subject a sacred charm of sanctity, which precludes entirely, from the well balanced mind, all idea of jesting. Yet there are some minds so constituted, that while they believe in these manifestations, are constantly inclined to speak of them in a light and trifling manner. These should be truly harmonious circles, formed for mutual instruction and improvement. Let no harsh, discordant feelings of envy, resentment, or ill-will toward any fellow creature, no unhallowed or impure thought, find place in the heart; but come with feelings of love, of kindness and sympathy, engage in singing appropriate hymns, or in those topics of conversation which will tend to produce the most unison of feeling, the greatest degree of harmony, and blessed will be the result.

To such circles, bright Spirits will be attracted with messages of love and mercy. Happy is that circle which, meeting under such circumstances, can reckon among its number a medium sufficiently developed to speak or write with ease; for the *Spirits* themselves tell us that, they can communicate with us under some circumstances, more readily than others, and this is proved by experience. It is well known that, from various causes, the electrical condition of the human system varies at different times, and that these manifestations are affected by the state of the atmosphere. Although, where there are developed mediums, it apparently makes but little difference whether circles are formed or not; it doubtless exerts an influence in the development of new ones. As in some of the fine arts, man can only prepare the elements, then step aside for the invisible hand of Nature to do her work; so, in regard to this subject, we may, by preparation, induce that condition of the system, both mental and physical, most favorable to the reception of impressions.

And here I wish to state a fact, in my own experience, which, from the circumstances connected with it, made some impression on my mind, and which was too palpable to the senses

to be attributed to imagination, unless, indeed, I was magnetized by an *idea*! At several different times, while seated in a circle, with an impenetrable person or partially developed medium on one side, toward the north, and a positive one on the south, a marked sensation of coldness was felt in the hand on the north, and one of burning, prickling heat in the other, extending partly up the arm; and on reversing this order, placing the positive person on the north, no such sensations were felt. How can this be accounted for? Does the electro-magnetic current flow more forcibly in one direction than another? And is this difference perceptible to the extreme sensitiveness of the human organism? But one thought fills the mind, on the contemplation of this whole subject—with all man's boasted knowledge we know but little about ourselves and the objects around us, and but little dream of the developments that will be made, ere this generation shall have passed away.

As an evidence that the Spirits know our thoughts and feelings, and as furnishing an example of the sympathy, love and good will they manifest for erring mortals, I will transcribe, for your columns, a communication I had the pleasure of hearing last Sabbath evening. I will premise that the lady to whom it was addressed is a member of a little church in this village, and has ever been regarded by her brothers and sisters as an exemplary christian, and by all, as a pattern of those graces and virtues which should ever adorn the christian profession. Becoming a believer in Spiritualism—being convinced by demonstrations in her own family—that the spirits of departed friends could, and did, hold intercourse with her—opposition and estrangement were at once manifested. Hard thoughts, unkind feelings, and, in too many instances, bitter words, marred the harmony of that little circle, where all should be love, where, of all places on earth, the pure spirit of Charity should dwell. She loves her brothers and sisters of the flock, and the tears she has shed in secret, on account of the estrangement, are known only to 'Him who seeth in secret,' who judgeth the hearts of all flesh. O, when will the professed Church of Christ arise and occupy that high and holy ground, where she will stand as a beacon-light to the benighted sons of earth? When will the

"Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of love Divine?"

When shall the "mountain of the Lord's house" be established on the tops of the mountains, and all nations flow unto it?" When will the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, learn to practice the first principles of that religion taught by their Lord and Master?

On the evening in question, while conversing on the subject, the medium, a young lady, being under the influence of the spirits, (call them *evil* if you will) glided across the room, and taking our sister by the hand, thus addressed her: *

"Sister, we have witnessed the many hours of sadness you have felt, in regard to the discordant feelings existing in the little church with which you are united in the bonds of love. You can now see how easily the chord of sympathy is broken. Thus will it always be, so long as there is error existing to such an extent as it does in all churches at the present day. But we would have you remember that, while you are blest with that holy, happy faith which bringeth peace to the soul, and love to all mankind—while you are receiving almost daily gems of thought from the Spirit-world, by which you are

* As I did not note down the communication at the time, but give the purport of it from memory, it loses in a great measure the charm of the beautiful language in which it was uttered.

taught to feel and realize the goodness of God your Father—your brothers and sisters in the church have not that realizing sense of the presence of guardian spirits around them which you enjoy, but are left, as yet, in darkness; therefore, look upon them with an eye of charity. We see you do look upon them very differently from what they do upon you; but knew they your heart, as well as the Being who made it—the God who rules and reigns on high—they would feel differently. We oft-times hear people say, 'if I know my own heart, I feel thus and so'; little thinking what a limited knowledge man has of his own heart. We rejoice, sister, to see in your heart nothing but the warmest feelings of sympathy and good will toward your brothers and sisters; and, rest assured that, the weapons of love will conquer, and it will be a *firm* and *lasting* victory. When all minds are right, when all come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, there will not be one little church here, and another there, each separate and distinct; but all will blend in one grand and harmonious circle of love; and all will enter there with pure hearts and clean consciences, and all shall be at peace within.

"Among the angels in this sphere all is *harmony*, all is *love*; not one discordant note is heard in the grand symphony of praise which through Heaven's high arches rings! And this is what we wish to see on earth; this is what we are striving to accomplish. Cherish those feelings of sympathy, sister, and praise God for them, and He will comfort and sustain you in your hours of affliction."

Such messages come, indeed, like the healing balm of an angel's breath to the wounded heart. Truly, those who stay away from these circles, who fear to witness these manifestations, lest they become deluded or deceived, know not what they lose. And here I wish to say that, this medium does not speak through impressions on the mind, but the organs of speech are controlled; and so fearful is she that she shall utter something which originates in her own mind, that she speaks only when absolutely forced to do so—when, to use her own language, 'it seems wicked to resist'; and often, when trying to resist, she is shaken so severely that it is painful to behold her. And those who have witnessed nothing of the kind can form no idea of the angelic expression of the countenance, the beauty, and eloquence of the language, the kind of forcible, breathing enunciation of the words, the distinct and *rounded* intonation of the voice, which the medium, in her natural state, would vainly strive to imitate. The above is but a type of what we are receiving almost daily.

Have we not cause to rejoice and thank God? Says St. Paul, "if an angel from *Heaven* preach any other doctrine unto you than that which we preach, let him be accursed." And I say, that if the old *Arch Apostate* himself appear, in *propria persona*, with his horns and cloven hoofs, and preach such doctrine as this, I, for one, will not fear to follow his advice.

The cause in this vicinity, apparently, makes but slow progress; for, although there are quite a number of mediums in this and the adjoining towns, and some of the most influential citizens are firm believers, a great deal of opposition is manifested by those who will not investigate the subject, and who, many of them, actually *fear* to have anything to do with it. Shades of their fathers, protect them!

Yours, &c., J. S.

He that embarks in the voyage of life, will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the wind than the stroke of the oar; and many founder in their voyage, while they lie waiting for the gale.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

S. B. B.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

NEWTOWN, Conn., Aug. 22d, 1852.

MY DEAR PARTRIDGE:

Here, for one brief sunny day, I remain to commune with kind friends and to imbibe the inspiration of living Nature. I find I can not resist the impulse to let go the thoughts which incline to take wing as I inhale the free air of these beautiful hills. In the country, the life-principle seems everywhere diffused; it finds an expression in the waving of the trees, when the winds make them vocal; in the incense of unnumbered flowers; in the gush and flow of clear fountains and living streams; in the herds of animals that slumber in the shade; and in the notes of birds that make the sylvan arcades so musical:—in these, and in all the silent processes of Nature, the enlightened and conscious soul finds a perpetual inspiration. But no such principle permeates the massive walls of the great city, and but for the multitude of human beings, with natures kindred to our own, and the all-pervading presence of the invisible ones, man would be left alone, a living, sentient being, in the dwelling of the dead.

The spiritual atmosphere, in this region, has more of the living spirit of freedom, than pervaded its elements in the days that are gone. On this green hill, behind me, stands the old town of *Newtown*, where long since I was accustomed to preach a sectarian faith. The little temple still stands there, imbosomed in trees, but it is silent, and seems like the tomb of the dogmas, which once had a voice within its precincts. Month after month passes, and the door turns not on its rusty hinges, and no human voice awakens an echo in its lonely aisles. The silence is unbroken by a sound save the chirping of a cricket, or the tiny footsteps of a few church mice, whose leanness is not merely proverbial. Here devout men fought earnestly for the old *ism*. Occasionally, I contended with the rest, but at length the strife is over, and now all are seemingly at rest. There was nothing of importance gained or lost on either side, and I now perceive no results except slight damages to the religious health of the people, owing to the *spiritual spearing* they received. The army, which fought the battle of the dogmas, was long since disbanded, and not a soldier remains to guard the field. In looking over the scene of former victories—imaginary achievements—I find that the ‘vision of dry bones’ may appear on the hill as well as in the ‘valley.’ ‘These bones are very dry,’ and some spiritual influence is demanded to restore animation. ‘The spirit it giveth life,’ and there must be a new influx of the vital principle that ‘these bones may live.’

The religious elements of the place, generally, appear to be moved in a remarkable manner just now, and there is a contest between the people and their spiritual rulers. Last Sabbath the officers of the Episcopal Church and Society, being dissatisfied with the illiberality of the Rector, took occasion to lock up their place of worship and, as I am informed, in open opposition to the expressed will and authority of the bishop. This church is wealthy and the congregation is the most numerous in town. What will become of ‘the world’s people,’ now that the church is locked, so that no one can get in, and the successors of St. Peter have lost the keys?

Some time since the *Catholics* refused to contribute to purchase a church edifice for the reason that the title could not be vested in the Society. Whether the latter will hold out, in this struggle against priestly domination, may be doubtful; the hour has hardly arrived for so efficient a demonstration in that quarter. I am also informed that the pastor of the Presbyterian Church recently undertook to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, but this proved to be a spurious manifestation of Christian freedom and charity; becoming apprehensive of the consequences the Reverend gentleman suddenly abandoned the subject, and is now laboring to put his theological extinguisher on the Spirits.

The friends of Spiritualism are numerous in this place, though several have been a little too credulous for their own safety. Having been led astray and sent on quixotic errands by *Seers* that did not see—they thought they saw—their love may be expected to ‘wax cold’ for a little season. Regarded in a certain light this is to be lamented, and yet, it is quite possible that, this chapter of their experience may prove to be as profitable as it has been painful. We are not disposed to censure them, since it is but natural that many should err in like manner. They have been educated to believe that all revelation is, and must be, infallibly truthful, and hence, when satisfied that a message is from the Spirit-world, they are prone to rely implicitly

on its insulations, deeming a mistake impossible. This unreasoning reverence, for the authority of spiritual communications, may need to be rationalized by a somewhat unpleasant course of instruction and discipline. Thus men are to learn that invisible intelligences, are not necessarily endowed with a higher wisdom than human spirits in the body may possess, and that they must, therefore, exercise the rational faculties in judging how far the communications from that source may be reliable.

The first manifestation of a remarkable character, which attracted the attention of the friends here, occurred more than two years since, at the residence of Mr. L. D. Bidwell, in the village of Sandy-hook, about two miles from New-town center. W. A. Townsend, Esq., lady and family, Mr. H. C. Reynolds, and myself and wife were, at the time, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell, who are highly esteemed for their spiritual freedom and generous hospitality. Several other persons were also present, and we were all seated at the tea-table. The conversation turned on the Rappings—at that time confined to Western New York—and was chiefly sustained by Mr. Townsend and myself. My friend was disposed to treat the subject lightly, deeming the accounts to be fabulous, and any intercourse with the world of spirits as wholly improbable. My experience had prepared me to regard the subject in a different light; and I accordingly expressed my conviction that intercourse with the invisible world did not, in my judgment, involve any violation of the laws of matter and mind—that the latter, in its relation to the former, was everywhere revealed as an *actuating force*, among passive and yielding elements. And hence that spiritual-physical phenomena are liable to occur wherever the power of mind is brought to bear on the imponderable elements of matter, with sufficient energy to disturb them. But my friend probably thought as little of my philosophy as he did of the alleged facts.

There was a pause—and my friend again expressed his doubts of the capacity of spirits to disturb ponderable objects, when—suddenly—there occurred a tremendous concussion on the table, as though a man of powerful muscle had struck it with the greatest violence. Every member of the company started and stared at each other in amazement! The shock hurled my plate from the board, and, at the same instant, my friend’s cup commenced whirling like a top, and so continued to move until the contents were discharged over the table. It is especially worthy of remark that Mr. Townsend was seated opposite me, and yet, strange as it may appear, *not another object on the table was disturbed!* After we had recovered from our astonishment, some one facetiously remarked that ‘the Rochester Knockers had come to give us a sensible illustration of their powers.’ *** Months passed, and at length circumstances made me again the guest of these friends. There was a rapping medium present; the invisibles called for the alphabet, and a spirit informed us that, assisted by others, he had, on the occasion referred to, produced the physical effects already described.

There are a number of media here, more or less developed, and at times, ever since the occurrences just related, the spiritual phenomena have been of a convincing nature. Among the friends of Spiritualism in this place, I can not forbear to mention the name of Mr. L. L. Platt, at whose house I write this, and by whom I have often been entertained with the greatest cordiality. Mr. Platt and his most estimable lady—who is now an interesting medium—were formerly members of the Baptist church, but grew out of Sectarianism, and into Spiritual Christianity, as naturally as well-formed children grow up to manhood.

The spirit of Liberty is not dead! and its long sleep is now broken, by sounds of earnest action, as the DAY opens to the wondering souls of men. Nature in all her temples preaches the gospel of freedom and individuality. Every bird sings its own song, if we except the mocking-bird and the parrot, who imitate the others—the former manifestly in *derision*, and the latter, it would seem, from a desire to be proficient in difficult *vocal exercises* rather than from any indifference to correct principles. The morning light bathes the distant mountains and auroral splendor, like an ethereal omnipresence, finds its way over the planes and valleys below. The sun invites the vapors to his illuminated chambers in the upper air, and they rise like invisible spirits whose mortal restraints have been removed. ‘The wind bloweth where it listeth,’ and these living streams stop not in all their course to the distant sea. The electric element plays through the earth and air, traversing the iron nerves of these everlasting hills as freely as it rides in a chariot of clouds, or on the swift wings of the tempest. With all these eloquent teachers shall not man imbibe the lesson, and be free? And a voice—deep, thrilling and musical—speaks from the depths of the soul, saying: ‘*Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free!*’

Thine, in the Gospel of To-day,

S. B. BRITTON.

The Fox Family.

We attended a Circle on Monday evening last, at the residence of Mrs. Fish; a number of persons were present, and the presence of the invisible intelligences, was indicated in an unmistakable manner. The two young sisters have recently arrived from St. Louis, and will remain in the City for two or three weeks. Mrs. Fish and her sisters are excellent mediums for the ‘rappings,’ and friends from abroad who may chance to be in the City, will find it interesting and instructive to pass a leisure hour at their Rooms, No. 78 West Sixteenth-st.

Strangers, who may wish to investigate, are informed that they can be entertained on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 3 to 5 o’clock; also, on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, from 8 to 10 o’clock.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We have received a communication from Worcester, Mass., written by the medium of the ‘Pleasure Boat,’ which shall appear next week.

Will Bro. Elmer permit us to try his spirit by test-his patience a little longer?

‘The promise fulfilled’ will be read with a solemn pleasure. In a private note, the writer says: ‘It is a plain unvarnished statement of facts. I dared not trifle with a theme so sacred, or I might have made it more interesting, to one class of minds, by the addition of some poetic imaginings.’

‘DIDYMUS’ will be heard with attention by a large number of our readers, who desire to know how the modern Manifestations accord with the Spiritualism of the Bible.

MARRIED

At the residence of Lorin L. Platt, Newtown, Conn., on Sunday, August 22, 1852, by S. B. BRITTON, Mr. WILLIAM H. HOY, of Newtown, and Miss CLARA L. SHERMAN, of Danbury.

New-York Conference.

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

FRIDAY, August 6, 1852.

The meeting was large, but the names were not taken.

Dr. Hallock remarked that the last meeting was thinly attended, owing to the occurrence of a severe storm at the time. No minutes were made of the proceedings, though many interesting facts were stated.

Dr. Smith mentioned the case of a child—some seven or eight years of age—in the family of an acquaintance of his. She appears to be a medium for rapping; but what is most singular, the child, without having been taught, as far as is known to any of the family, has recently and most unexpectedly become able to read! The child’s own simple statement of the matter is, that her mother, in Heaven, has come to her and taught her how to read.

Mr. Partridge speaks very encouragingly of the progress of Spiritualism in all parts of the country. He advises patience and forbearance on the part of believers. The unbelievers can not stay long where they are. Theories professedly explaining the phenomena, have been successively exploded by new facts which such theories did not attempt to explain or even anticipate. And the new theories seem to be shorter lived than the old ones. For example, when the rappings were accounted for by the toe or knee-joint hypothesis, then tables were caused to tip and move; and when this was ascribed to trick, then tables and other heavy pieces of furniture were moved at a distance of many feet from the mediums and all other persons in the apartment. And again, when this class of facts was explained, by supposing the medium to create a vacuum by some mysterious involuntary discharge of electricity, which, like a vortex, drew surrounding objects toward it by atmospheric pressure from without, the laurel had scarcely touched the brow of the proponent of this theory, when heavy bodies as well as tables were moved out of the supposed vacuum and against the current of air supposed to be induced by it. Thus opposing theories pass away, and the facts remain as before. He also urged upon the friends of Spiritualism the duty of spreading, as far as possible, a knowledge of the facts. Newspapers, lectures, circles, social meetings, &c., are all useful means to that end, and should be encouraged. The Tuesday evening meetings at Friendship Hall, No. 149 West Sixteenth-st., were recommended to the favorable regard of the Conference. He advised against all discussion or controversy in those meetings. Facts, simply, should be stated, and the arguments of skeptics should be responded to by a mere statement of *more facts*.

Dr. Hallock remarked on what seemed to him the proper path of duty; which is, to aid others in getting light. We can not create the light they need, any more than we can create the sun, but we can help a brother to take his *shutters down* so that the light can come in, and this is what we should try to do. Many Christians seem to have vailed their senses with the idea that God has only spoken *once* to mankind; and though the inspiration of the older time declared, that ‘*Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge*,’ they rest satisfied with a weekly glorification of the announcement; with no eye to see what the *day teaches* and the *night discloses!* We should try to aid them to see that, by closing their eyes to the successive revelations of truth, thus daily developed, is virtually ‘making the Word of God of no effect.’ We should aid them to perceive that progress was the gist of the ancient revelation. It was itself a progress—a higher revelation. Men existed before Jesus preached, and before Moses wrote. The voice of the Eternal uttered new truths through them, and still pointed to yet newer and higher. The facts and the figurative illustrations of the Bible teach this—Truth is necessarily progressive in its revelations, because it leads the finite to the Infinite. Like the flow of a mighty river, it bears the voyager through a daily succession of facts, and new and higher experiences, and its stream ever grows broader and deeper as it approaches the ocean from whence it originated. We grow in grace and in knowledge; we are exhorted to *press forward*, leaving the things that are behind. The kingdom of Heaven in us, is a growth, as of a grain of mustard-seed in the ground. Great Nature herself, is a growth—ever unfolding revelation of Truth and Beauty; and, like her offspring, is ‘pressing on to perfection.’ Why, then, should we gaze upon the past, with no eye for the Present and the Future? We may admire the mellow tints of the setting sun; but he is going to rest, and ‘night unto night shows

eth knowledge’ that the mountain-tops of the Orient will be bright in his beams to-morrow. So it is with the daily progress of God’s truth. Let us strive to open the portals of the human heart to its reception.

Dr. Gray spoke of the good results which intercommunication with the Spiritual world produces. His remarks were highly interesting, and illustrative of that point. As no mere sketch could do them justice, a wish was expressed that he would reduce them to writing. Adjourning.

R. T. HALLOCK, Secy.

THE ANGELS OF GOD.

MY DEAR SIR: The word angel, Mr. Webster says, signifies literally ‘a messenger,’ but appropriately a *spirit*, or a spiritual intelligent being employed by God to communicate his will to men.’ And Mr. Cruden, in his Concordance, says the word signifies, ‘a messenger, and is applied to those intellectual and immaterial beings whom God makes use of as his ministers to execute the orders of Providence’—and he refers to Revelations, xxii, 8, 9. Angels, therefore, are Spirits, for it is said, ‘Who maketh his angels spirits’—Psalms, civ, 4—and this is expressly quoted in Hebrews, i, 7. Christ says, ‘A spirit hath not flesh and bones’—Luke xxiv, 39—*implicitly* admitting that they could appear to men. And it is said, ‘They are not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation’—Heb. i, 14. They are also said to be guardian spirits—Psalms, xxxiv, 7; Matt. xviii, 10. They are the glorified spirits of departed men! ‘Moses and Elias,’ at the mount of transfiguration—Matt. xvi, 8; xxii, 30; Rev. i, 1. The angel that ‘shewed’ John all those sublime ‘things,’ recorded in the Book of Revelation, said he was John’s ‘fellow-servant and of thy brethren the prophets,’ and of them which keep the sayings of this Book—Rev. xxii, 9—and hence the Book of Revelation is no more nor less than a ‘Spiritual Manifestation.’ Christ says—Rev. xxii, 16—‘I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.’ They are mighty spirits, for they ‘excel in strength’ and in ‘power and might’—Psalms, ciii, 20; II Peter ii, 11.

But did not God, before the foundation of the world, create a *separate order of angels*? I confess I can find no authority in the Scriptures for this hypothesis. The only authority I ever remember to have heard quoted to prove this is found in Job, xxxviii, 7: ‘when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.’ Now this, to me, is certainly very imperfect authority, standing alone, to prove such an important theory; beside, Christ was truly the ‘morning star,’ as prophesied of by Balaam—Num. xxiv, 17—and which guided the ‘wise men’ to Jerusalem on the occasion of his birth. The first mention of an angel, in the Scriptures, is the one sent to Hagar in the wilderness—Gen. xvi, 7—and according to the common version, was 204 years after the Mosaic account of the Creation of the World. There is certainly not the slightest reference to any such a being during the antediluvian age. But in Heb. i, 5, it is expressly said, ‘Unto which of the angels said He, at any time, Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee?’ Thus we see God declares he did not create at any time, any particular angel! And the writer of this is assured by the spirit of one of the most holy ministers he has known during forty years’ acquaintance with ministers of Christ, that *angels are the spirits of departed good men*.

Now, comparatively speaking, ‘we know nothing of the powers of disembodied spirits that will enable us to conclude against the possibility of their communicating with us, yet we know, or have the means of knowing, something of them. And what we know, not only assures us that the thing is possible, but also supports a strong probability that it would be the case if our circumstances would justify it. I shall first show that the thing is possible. The Bible shall be my proof of this. And the first passage is Deut. xxviii, 10, 11. Some render ‘necromancer’ in verse 11, ‘one that seeketh unto the dead.’ This passage, I know, is often quoted against these things. In the next number I shall consider its bearing against consulting them; when, I think, it will appear that it does not apply to these things. What I bring it forward here for is, to prove that it is possible to ‘seek unto the dead,’ and to communicate with spirits. If not, why the command? God does not command without reason, nor lay interdicts upon impossibilities. The fact of the interdict therefore proves the *fact* that it was possible for the Jews to consult with spirits, and that the Canaanitish nations were in the habit of doing it. The fact that spirits can communicate with us, is here distinctly recognized. ‘But,’ you say, ‘these were familiar spirits, i. e., lying spirits.’ Suppose we admit this: have not good spirits as much power as evil ones? And if the evil did, does it not follow that the good can? This is all the use I wish now to make of it. I Samuel, xxviii, records a fact which demonstrates the possibility of good spirits communicating with the living. Samuel did make his appearance to Saul, and gave a message from God to him. ‘But the witch did not raise him, and Saul was culpable for seeking unto her?’ True; but what has to do with the fact of Samuel’s appearing? And if one good spirit could appear to mortals and communicate with them, then others can: Matt. xvii, 3—‘And behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him.’ Could demonstration more conclusive be given that it is possible for good spirits to communicate with the living? Again it is clear beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a good spirit can, and did communicate extensively with the living, witness, the angel mentioned Rev. i, 1: xxii, 9; and who was the ‘medium’ through whom that sublime portion of the Bible was communicated to John. And is it not certain that spirits, as they evidently can, would communicate with us, if we were prepared for it and circumstances would justify it? They are immortal—they live with God—their powers are all in sweet subjection to the Divine Will—they possess intelligence and emotions altogether transcending those of the most holy on earth, which stimulate activities and devotions correspondingly enlarged above the present sphere. Is it true that they are all ‘ministering spirits,’ and do they not know our state, and feel deeply interested for us? Certainly—‘Joy shall be in Heaven,’ may, ‘There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repented’—Luke, xv, 7-10. I think it clear that the spirits of the righteous are so circumstanced as to render it possible to communicate with the living. There is not only nothing in the present circumstances and condition of society which renders Spiritual Manifestations imprac-

ticable, but much that justify and call for them. Again, the angel who announced the birth of Christ said that he brought ‘good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people,’ and the upper spheres could not hold its glorified inhabitants, for ‘suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, and on earth peace and good will toward men’—Luke ii, 10-14.

Now consider these ‘good tidings of great joy,’ and ‘peace and good will toward men,’ and then look at the condition of the world, in reference to a belief in the truth of this message, and in the immortality of the soul! I honestly believe that the ratio of true Christians in this age—of those who truly believe in immortality—is less than 1400 years ago! Materialism prevails in three-fourths of the professed Christian churches! As evidence of this look at the pride and pomp—the sectarianism and bigotry—the coldness and formalism—and especially at the deadly hostility to all spirituality, which exists in the different Christian churches, and then say if it is not reasonable to expect that a good and gracious God—whose ‘tender mercies are over all his works’—P. xlvi, 9, should reveal some divine agency to bring men to the knowledge of ‘immortality and eternal life?’ And is it not reasonable to suppose He may, and does, employ his Divine messengers—His glorified saints in this work and labor of love. And that through their instrumentality hundreds, perhaps thousands, who had no just idea of immortality, who were materialists, and groping in darkness upon the subject of their future destiny, are to-day rejoicing in the glorious hope of an unending life of supreme felicity in the upper and better kingdom. And this happiness has been mainly superinduced by communications received from friends in the Spirit-world, assuring them of their blessedness, and of the glorious destiny which awaits them, ‘who through faith and patience inherit the promises.’

We have arrived at a remarkable period in the world’s history. ‘What progress has been made, and is now going on in the arts and sciences! and in all the agency subservient to the temporal interests of man.’ I need not recount that progress, it is well understood. Has there been a corresponding advance in religion? Has not the temporal and physical gained largely upon the spiritual? Nay; has it not outrun it, and left it far in its rear? I think I do not exaggerate when I assert that in the opinion of very many professed Christians, intelligence is conveyed with more rapidity on the telegraphic wires than it can be by spirits! and why this belief? Read I Cor. ii, 14: ‘The whole system of appliances belonging to the Gospel is founded upon the necessity of waking up human thought to the great subject of Salvation and the immortality it involves. The Bible is sufficient, as to the amount and kind of truth it contains, to save the whole world! Why then the ministry—the ordinances—the varied and multiplied appendages of the Gospel? why the expenditure of so much human skill and eloquence and learning to propagate that Truth? It is to call the attention of the slumbering masses to it, and arouse their thoughts on the subject of salvation. Now it is precisely this end which I suppose, and am assured, these latter-day manifestations are intended to subserve. And shall we despise any auxiliary influences in this great work? Shall we conclude that any accession to the religious forces of the Christian system is impossible without marring its symmetry and shading those we already have. Religion, considered as a system of truth, has an objective existence. The facts upon which it is built and the principles it involves, are not effected by the credulity or incredulity of man. They are independent of him, and will remain unaltered amid all the changes which are yet to crowd the annals of time. It is this that clothes religion with such transcendent importance; when all else

their acceptance that salvation, the greatness and glory of which they fully understand."

Thus I think the pledge is redeemed, that it is "possible and scriptural for good spirits to communicate with the living, and it is both reasonable and scriptural for us to expect such communications."

In the next number I shall endeavor to show, in the same manner, that "the Bible not only contains no passage condemnatory of these manifestations, but many which predict them and are fulfilled by them."

DIDYMUS.

SPIRIT-LAND.

"The Spirit giveth life."

My Mother's Grave.

BY GEORGE D. PENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously, and all
Save me is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy heap. When shall it wave
Above thy child?

Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams;
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears?

Ay, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Of life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn,
And muse upon the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above, thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave, and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine!

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

MR. BRITTAN: Dear Sir: The circumstance that I am about to relate to you, I am aware, is of a character to cause many, in this sensuous and material age, to regard it as a chimera of the imagination; on that account, save in two or three instances, it has been zealously confined to memory alone, as I have not wished to confide it to those disposed to regard it in any other light save that of an actual occurrence; being as it is, a sacred memorial, inwoven with the main incidents of the life-history, of one most near and dear, whose memory, like the silent perfume of flowers borne upon the zephyr's wing, comes back to me from the dim and shadowy past; shedding upon my heart the aroma and dew of the most tender and cherished recollections, which are all that remain of her, whose pure and blameless life seemed to shed a halo of light around her departing foot-prints, making luminous the pathway whence she ascended to her home on high.

These preliminary remarks refer to a beloved sister, whose early death awoke in my heart the most intense sorrow. She was not strictly beautiful; but none could look upon her fair young brow, with its shining bands of golden hair, or gaze into the clear depths of her dark loving eyes, (*they were very beautiful*), or listen to the sweet and gushing tones of her voice while trilling some merry lay, as with a graceful and gliding motion she moved about the house, imparting to every object an air of neatness and elegance with that ease and facility which springs from a refined taste, innately imbued with a love of the beautiful—without feeling that she was one, peculiarly formed, not only to brighten and adorn the domestic circle, but to diffuse grace and harmony through every department of domestic life.

She was not only gentle and confiding in disposition, but firm and truthful in character. I never knew her to be guilty of a falsehood. I can never recall, without deep emotion, her strong attachment for me: when a child, she seemed never so happy as when seated quietly by my side, listening to stories from the Bible, or to traditionary or historic legends, and thus she would feel amply compensated for any service that I might require, by imparting to her youthful and eager-mind, an hour's instruction upon any subject, which was to her involved in mystery or doubt.

When at length my health, which was never firm, was irrecoverably broken, her gentle sympathy and tender care, soothed many a weary

hour; until she herself fell a victim to a similar disease, save that, in her case, there was no mitigation; slowly and surely consumption, like a worm in the bud, preyed upon her vital system, until we felt that the light and joy of the domestic circle would, ere long, pass forever from our view. She seemed aware of the fatal tendency of her disease, in its early stages, and confided to the writer her impression that she would not recover, with the injunction that this impression should not be communicated to her friends, stating that she wished to spare them the grief, that the knowledge of her condition would cause them, as long as possible! To her younger sister, Carry, who was both ministering-angel and nurse, she often spoke cheerily of the pleasant hours they would enjoy together when she recovered her health. And thus she bravely strove to sustain the faltering hopes of her friends through many months of severe suffering. She never murmured or complained of her lot; and lest the beautiful prospect from her window should awake in her heart impatient desires to roam abroad during the beautiful and cloudless summer days, she desired to have her window-blind remain closed; although the ostensible reason was not assigned by her until a short time anterior to her death.

It was evident to those who were, from time to time, admitted to the quiet sanctuary of her little room, that her face grew more and more spiritual in its expression, as her footsteps neared the borders of the unseen world—there her thoughts centered from day to day, while winged messengers from its viewless shores ministered to her in dreams by night! About a month prior to her decease she received much consolation from a dream, or spiritual vision, which she related to her mother and sister, which was in substance as follows:

She dreamed that her guardian-angel, who was commissioned to watch over her—descended to her room in the form of a lovely one-year old infant, with starry eyes, and radiant wings appending from his shoulders. Lovingly the little cherub nestled by her side, and when she was oppressed for want of breath he would gently fan her with his snowy wings; smilingly he assured her, that he would leave her not again, until he had conveyed her weary spirit home!

It was evident that, she never doubted the presence or the promise of her invisible guest; and as the swelling waves of the Jordan of Death rolled nearer, and still nearer, her faith and confidence in One mighty to save, waxed stronger, and still stronger, until death was swallowed up in victory!

In the early part of the Autumn preceding her decease, while conversing with her upon our respective situations in the near prospect of a final release from all suffering, I well recollect the moment—it was at the midnight hour, with our arms entwined around each other's neck, amid our fast falling tears—we bound ourselves by a solemn promise, that, the one who first entered the Spirit-land, should return, if permitted, and visit the survivor in a natural and life-like manner, and communicate something of a life beyond the grave. Calm and assured by the solemn promise wherewith we had bound our souls, *that even the grave should not separate us*, whose hearts were so closely entwined together in the bonds of a deathless affection, we soon after sweetly slumbered in each other's arms, as we were wont to do ere we had been separated, or become injured to pain.

I saw her not again, until the green and leafy month of June had returned, with haleyon skies, and soft and balmy air, perfumed with the breath of roses; and vocal with the music of singing birds, caroling upon the wing. Every breath I inhaled from the packet window, while passing from my home to her's, the distance of ten miles, teemed with fragrance, and for the first time in three years, I seemed to loose the consciousness of suffering in that of pleasurable emotion, while every nerve thrilled to intensity with the beauty of the scene spread before my view! Oh, how beautiful seemed the glorious sunlight, and the green earth to me, who expected soon to look upon its smiling skies, its lofty and majestic hills, its variegated plains, its waving trees, its flowing cascades, and gentle rivulets, no more forever!

Soon I was ushered into the presence of the dying one; reclining upon snow-white pillows, scarce whiter than her thin and pallid cheek, she lay, smilingly regarding me without speaking. Intense emotion paralyzed us both, the faculty of speech! The three ensuing days, I enjoyed with her some blessed hours of spiritual communion! With her cheek laid close to mine we conversed in low whispers (her lungs being nearly consumed) of that land where pain and sickness are felt and feared no more! She used to lie quietly, with her beaming eyes steadily regarding me, as I read to her her favorite hymns; and again we renewed our promise of spiritual visitation, when I had concluded the reading of a hymn, which breathed of the joys to be revealed, in the kingdom of the blessed—above.

During the few days that her suffering life

was prolonged, I prayed earnestly that I might depart with her; that, hand in hand, we might pass through the dark valley, and the shadow of death, and together ascend to the Spirit-home on high. But our heavenly Father willed it otherwise. I saw that young, bright, classic head, with the white marble forehead, its shining bands of golden hair plaited smoothly over the wasted temples, reposing in the coffin! and the face—its serene, spiritual beauty I can not describe—all who looked upon that sweet, pale face, remarked that it seemed luminous with unearthly light.

The closing scenes of her life were of a character never to be forgotten. There was victory over death! The dark, loving eyes gazing intensely upward, watched the descent of the Spirit-messengers, while in low, thrilling, and broken tones, she whispered: "I see—the angels—they are—coming—with my—blessed Saviour! How lovely—he looks! They are waiting—to receive—my spirit!" Shrouded in the purest drapery of white, with a moss rose, just bursting into bloom, lying upon her unconscious breast—placed there by the hand of the gentle Carry—as emblematic of the loveliness and purity of her life, she slumbered upon the death-pillow, and was borne away to her narrow house amid the mansions of the dead!

The condition of mind into which I fell after her death, I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that I was unreconciled to the hard dealings of my Heavenly Father, and murmured in my heart that she was taken and I left. I felt that I could no longer be of any use in the world, and I grieved that I could not be permitted to share the blessedness of her rest. I was worn and weared of a life of continual pain; I had bravely borne up for her sake, lest she might grieve when I was gone! But now, life without her seemed objectless and aimless. Never did weary watcher look for the day-spring with more eagerness than I, for symptoms of the soul's passing—for the hour of final release. Still I lived on, and contrary to my earnest wish, gained some little strength. I pass over the fruitless, weary watchings, at the midnight hour, when I outwatched even the silent stars, vainly listening for the lingering footstep of the dead!

The dreary winter months, one by one, passed slowly away. Though deprived of the use of my arms, my mind still retained a portion of its strength and vigor. By a series of studies, I at length succeeded in diverting my thoughts from the one absorbing theme of contemplation, and, when the Spring again dawned in all its greenness and beauty—bringing with it some little mitigation of suffering—I began to contemplate the possibility of another visit to my childhood's home; and, one beautiful June morning, I sat down in the vacant chamber of the dead—I preferred to sleep there. It was not the scene of her sickness and death, but a large and pleasant upper chamber, *her room* when in health—which she had not been able to visit for many months previous to her death. The first two nights after my arrival, though greatly wearied, sleep fled from my drooping eyelids. In those years of intense physical suffering, I slept but little; excitement and fever would often banish slumber for many successive nights. I mention these facts on account of what is to follow. On the third night, suffering more than ordinarily from the pain in my throat, consequent upon conversing with friends who called on me during the afternoon, I retired earlier than usual to rest. Although I had thought many times of my dear H—, the two preceding nights, I do not recollect that on this evening a single thought of her had occurred to my mind. As I lay restless and tossing upon my pillow, being intensely anxious to induce sleep to visit my weary eyes—my extreme anxiety doubtless increased my wakefulness, and when the clock had tolled the hours of ten, eleven, and twelve, I felt as though I should never slumber more. I was grieved at this state of things, knowing that if I remained wakeful the whole of that night, I should be unable to leave my bed.

The night was of that pitchy darkness peculiar to a slow and drizzling rain, which silently fell to the ground, making scarcely a single sound. Again I turned on my pillows, sitting nearly upright as I was accustomed to do, to prevent suffocation—for I could not lie down. In the act of turning my face to the wall—all at once—I became conscious of a bright and clear light penetrating through and beneath my closed eyelids—still brighter grew the light, illuminating the whole room—and, at the same instant, from the opposite window, I heard gently gliding footsteps, advancing nearer, and still nearer—with a rustling motion, as of a person's dress—and paused the front side of my bed! In an instant I became conscious of a spiritual presence, and recalled the promise made to me one year before. I had long ceased to watch and wait for her coming. I had concluded that she was not permitted to ratify her promise, else she would have come. So I reasoned, one of those summer nights, when I sat alone, with the solemn stars, looking serenely down upon me at the midnight hour, seeming by their calm-

ness to reproach my anguish of spirit. At the moment that the footsteps paused beside my bed, my heart gave one fearful bound, and then, every throbbing pulse stood still. The stillness of death reigned within and around me! Again I heard the gently gliding footsteps; one by one they sounded on my ear; she had moved to the window, and there stood waiting, as I thought, for me to turn my face to the front side of the bed. But my limbs seemed paralyzed; I could not move. Again, through my closed lids, I beheld that luminous appearance move toward the bed, and then pause! Again, the third time, she walked to the window, and then, summoning my collected strength, I moved to the front side of the bed. Nothing, I am certain, but extreme nervous weakness caused my heart another fearful leap, as I again heard that gently gliding tread, and knew that, in another instant, I should meet her face to face. Whether, if I had been in health, I would have been permitted to open my eyes, I know not. As it was, I found it impossible to do so. That moment of intense joy, which I experienced, while she still lingered by my side, *I can never forget* while incased in this tenement of clay. A spiritual emanation seemed to fan my cheek, pervading mine inmost soul with an indescribable serenity and joy. I lifted my hand to graduate the rays, between my almost transparent fingers; for that clear and luminous light, now that she stood so near, almost blinded me! Softly I whispered, "Dear H—, poor human nature is *too weak*!" I did not finish the sentence; she was gone!

A darkness that might be felt, seemed to press suddenly upon my eyelids—I opened my eyes upon the dense and rayless gloom pervading my chamber. I saw nothing but one luminous ray near the window, and while I gazed, it vanished slowly away. I slumbered not that night; but remained silently weeping until the dawn; being grieved that I could not look upon that beloved face, now that it had vanished from my sight. It has been many times present in my dreams, often has her gentle voice admonished or encouraged me, when weary or desponding. Once, a few months subsequent to her decease, she appeared to me in a dream, and sang, or rather chanted, three verses of a hymn, descriptive of the happiness enjoyed by her in the Spirit-home of the blessed. I awoke listening to the last stanza of the hymn, which, with the music, were of celestial origin—I had never heard them before! Long and sweetly did that divine harmony sound upon my ear, luring my spirit hence to the home of the angels. This beloved spirit also revealed to my mother, that she also would depart afar the Spirit-world in June, on the same day of the month which she herself had departed, which prediction was fulfilled, precisely, in four years subsequent to her death. In conclusion I would add, that I now have an abiding premonition, that we shall meet ere long, and when again she stands by my bedside, no intervening shadow will hide her from my view!

EARLVILLE, August, 1852.

Note.—The objector may advert to the alleged fact that a spirit cannot cause footsteps to be heard; being intangible and without ponderable substance. I would reply to this objection by stating that, it was according to our compact, that the spirit should assume, for the time being, every natural appearance of life, in order not to frighten the one still clothed in the body! Had I looked upon her face I should doubtless have seen her as in life, only more beautiful and glorious.

S. S.

333 ages from Wm. Wirt and Henry Clay.

ITHACA, N. Y., August 9, 1852.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Dear Friends: While I was at Auburn I saw many of the friends, and on Friday, 6th inst., I called with Mr. Tucker on Mr. Allen, whose wife is a medium for "raps" speaking, &c. After a short and agreeable conversation with Mr. Allen—who has been for many years a very zealous co-worker with the Episcopal Methodists—we four sat down to a table; I was soon informed by Mrs. A., who was already under the spirits' control, that I might expect a communication through Mr. Tucker, who soon passed into a magnetic or clairvoyant condition, and with his right hand raised above his head, he repeated the following, slowly, as I reduced the same to writing:

"O, my Lord! these galleries are filled with life and intellect, and radiant from the throne of God. The great leveler, Death, when he raised the curtain of mortality, ushered into this new scene of existence the thousands who moved in their various circles, while in the form. Here, they are concentrated on the plain of equality, where wealth, intellect, and original developments, constitute no distinguishing traits of character, but all are brought to the line of demarcation that is determined by the standard of virtue. Human desires, thoughts, and actions, while in the form, are the constant attendants which men carry with them in their transit to the Spirit-land. These constitute degrees in the scale of existence, as they rise in geometrical ratio from the lowest gradation, to the plains of the Celestial Heavens. O, how august! how transcendently sublime and beatifically glorious is this rotunda to the mansions of eternal bliss! The colorings of the canopy that screens the votaries of the Cross are surpassingly grand and magnificent, and the transit from Time to Eternity far surpasses our imperfect conception while in the body. Like mellow tints of the rainbow over the darkest cloud, or the soft light of the dawn when the night passeth, breaketh the light of Eternity on the spirit. The followers of the Lamb might spend an eternity of thanksgiving for deliverance from the body; but lo! softer and more ennobling scenes await them, and

invite their attention. The happy associates of an earlier existence wave them on, and solicit their advance, in the kind strains of melting affection. Animated by hope, incited by desire, breathed upon by the pure spirit of Eternal Truth, they are wafted onward and upward toward the portals of the Celestial Heavens. The past is forgotten, the sympathy of spirit with matter, of which it was the 'active power,' has been neutralized, and naught would ever call the angel-nature back again, but the commingling of spirit with spirit. The affinities of the latter are the cords of affection entwined around the soul in Heaven. . . . Oh, who would not surrender this poor pavilion, for a residence in the rotunda of the Spiritual Heavens! 'One day in thy courts is worth a thousand elsewhere.' Is that not fully explained?

W.M. WIRT.

[The medium here raised his hand, and pointing significantly, exclaimed:]

"Yonder is Mr. Clay! His tall majestic figure moves gracefully. Feasting his soul in admiration, he raises his eyes to the high canopy, and tracing the lofty and noble columns, he meditates, and says:

"O, why did not the scene open before upon my eyes! Here are joys to me hitherto unknown; here eternal harmony swells around and above, and even repose has a voice that lulls to unison. There is no Constitution to be broken—no compacts to be violated—no platforms to be erected, to concentrate action. No strife or war of words is required to liberate the captive from his fetters; but the soft zephyrs of eternal love breathe over us, cheering and invigorating the happy throng; while smiles of eternal truth play on the face of the Redeemer of the world, to gladden the hearts of all. And the solemn peals of praise and thanksgiving now go up from my brother servants and my humble self.

H. CLAY."

After the above had been received, a spirit said, through Mrs. Allen: "Let this go to the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH." I hope you may find it worthy of a place in your paper. I do learn many important facts. The facts increase in number, and the interest does not appear to abate. The work is onward.

Yours in truth,

F. F. CARY.

The Spirit of Father Miller.

The following is the remaining part of Mr. Treat's communications from Father Miller, of which we published the principal portion last week.

"Ye know not how to prize the blessing God has bestowed so freely upon you. Ye can not realize the deep, boundless love of God in thus revealing his glorious truth to the children of men, choosing his own bright band of ministering spirits, and sending to ye, first of all, those ye loved on earth, that they might win ye to the heart and draw ye to themselves by their pure, holy love. Is not this more worthy of a holy God than what thou hast been taught—a God full of wrath and hate to those that will not listen to his invitations of mercy—a friend to a part, and a bitter enemy of the rest? When on earth, I preached wrath, destruction, and misery, to those that followed not the path, in my weakness, I pointed out; but when I reached the Spirit-land, O how changed the scene from what I had pictured! Weak, erring mortal, why will ye close your eyes to truth—and such a blessed truth? My first prayer after I entered the Spirit-land, was, O that I could return, and undo the wrong my hand hath wrought? I may not come in bodily form, but my spirit shall yet strive to teach ye the truth of God, even as his spirit-children know. He hath given ye all, just, good, and holy laws; if ye break those laws, then are ye answerable to him for it, and the sins of earth shall hang a heavy weight, to chain the spirit down, and check its upward course; for ye can not rise with a load of sins clinging to you, ye must first cast them from you, and then may ye begin your journey. Will the pleasure of sin compensate ye, for the future drawback that lies before ye? I tell ye, nay. Commence your journey in the spiritual world, now, ere ye leave the body. What can the world offer thee better—more to be desired—than the spirits' love? 'Tis free, free, free to all—will ye not receive it to your hearts, and grow better and wiser day by day, as ye converse with the holy of heaven? Be cheerful, look up, the little flock is growing larger every day—not one sun shall set but some shall be added to thy number—thou mayest not hear of them, but God knoweth His own little band—His hand upholds them all, none are so small that they can escape His loving, tender glance. Let the scoffer and unbeliever turn away in contempt, ore long they will be constrained to say—'Of a truth, God is with us, the spirits are even in our midst, truth has conquered, right has prevailed, we have fought against those we loved in the Spirit-land, and would fain have driven them from us. Thanks be to God, their love hath won us to truth, all else failed, but their heavenly love was far stronger than our earthly prejudice, the spirits' call we will ever obey!" My friends, why will ye turn from this truth, and shut your heart to its sweet whispers of peace and comfort? As the spirit has passed away from earth, and ye have taken your last look of the loved one so dear to thy heart, has not thy spirit in its bitterness yearned for tidings, tidings, tidings from the lost one? 'O for one message of love to cheer my lonely way!' And shall ye always cry in vain? I tell ye, nay. The spirits respond to that cry, and fly as on the wings of the

